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THE OBSERVATOR.

On the Duke of Marlborough's *Great and Glorious Victory. The Miſchief of Ambition.*

From **Saturday** Auguſt the 12th, to **Wednesday** Auguſt the 16th, 1704.

Obſ. OH Brave *Country-man*, thou lookeſt Merrily, like a Man again; thou haſt been in the Dumps a long time.

Country-man. I look like a Man again? Aye, like a Prince of a Man! Sir, I'd have you to know, 'tis meer Condeſcention in me to keep you Company; I am now ſomewhat above you.

Obſ. Let me ſee thy Face; ſurely thou art Honeſt *Roger*, my Country Friend.

Country-m. I am your old *Country-man*, but I am Elevated and Surpriz'd, and all that. I am Big with Joy.

Obſ. What haſt heard any good News? Haſt got a Fighting Story?

Country-m. Aye, Aye, Rare News, New News, True News, Bloody News, Fighting News. Here *Joan*, bring us a Pot of *October*, and I'll tell Maſter *Obſervator* ſuch a Story that will make him Stare like a Stuck Pig.——Come, Sir, here's a good Health to the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene*.

Obſ. With all my Heart; now to your News.

Country-m. Look'ye, Maſter *Obſervator*, tho' you are a Schollard, I was too cunning for you in the choice of the News; becauſe you have dabbled your Poſteriours in the Ocean, you choſe the Sea Fighting-Stories, and I choſe the Land Fighting Stories; you have waited here a whole Campaign without one Morſel of Comfort from Sea. Sir *George Rook* has ſent you Word that he ſaw the *French* Fleet, but the Devil a bit of a Battel: Admiral *Whetſtone* ſaw the *Dunkirk* Squadron, and you have very pretty Letters of that Affair. But, you know, if he ſhould have Engaged *St. Paul*, he might have been Traduc'd by the *High-Church-men*, for making an Aſſault and Battery upon one of the Apoſtles, and ſo Sir.

Now you look with a Famiſh'd Countenance; you are fallen away at leaſt four Inches this Summer, and I have Stole your Captains Belly from you. I am grown as Fat as a Hog, the Duke of *Marlborough* has fed me with Fighting Stories till my Jowls are grown as red as a *Turky* Cocks; I am grown ſo Briſk that I can Leap over a Houſe.

Obſ. O rare *Country-man*! let's hear this News.

Country-m. Why Sir, the Duke of *Marlborough* and Prince *Eugene* laid their Heads together how they might Congratulate the Elector of *Bavaria* and Monſieur *Tallard*, upon the Conjunction of their Forces; and it being the uſual Ceremony of War, to Compliment Great Generals with Great Guns, they reſolved to Fight the *French* and *Bavarians*.

Hereupon they diſpoſe their Forces in order of Battel; and Prince *Eugene* began the Fight, the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Lord *Cuts*, and the other *Engliſh*, as well as *Dutch* General Officers, fell on with all the Fury imaginable; the *French* and *Bavarians*, poor Dogs, they Fought as long as they were able, and then they run away.

We don't know how many they Kill'd in the Purſuit, for the Expreſs was Diſpatch'd juſt as the Battel was over. The Dukes Letter to his Dutcheſs ſays, *That he had then the Count* Tallard *and two other General* French *Officers in his Coach*; would I had 'em in my Dung-Court; I'd wheel 'em about the Country for a Show.

But, I proteſt, it made me Laugh to think that the Dukes Coach was turn'd into a Trap, and had three great *French Rats* in it. I am ſure if the Duke of *Marlborough* knew how well I lov'd him, he would ſend me over thoſe three *Officers* againſt *Bartholomew-Fair*; we would Build a large *Booth*, and get Money enough by *Showing* of 'em; you know how the *French* have ſerv'd our poor Men that have been taken Priſoners.

Obſ. And therefore we ought not to ſerve theirs after the ſame manner. The Queen of *England* has no need of ſuch mean Artifices, to make Her People believe Immaginary Victories. Her Conqueſts are real and ſubſtantial, ſuch as appear in the light, and are viſible to the whole World; and this, the greateſt of any yet, is of ſuch Fatal Conſequence to the Enemy, that had our Fleet born it's proportion of Honour, Victory, and Conqueſts, with our Forces by Land, the *Engliſh* Honour had been indeed Retriev'd, and 1704 had been the *Annus Mirabilis*, with the Cataſtrophe of the Gallick Empire: But under ſuch a fatal Direction are we at Sea, that our Fleet ſeems to be the *Remora*, to the Accompliſhment of our Honour and Happyneſs.

Country-m. Aye, aye, Pine under the want of Fighting Stories from Sea, as long as I have my Belly full of Fighting Stories from Land, I don t Care. We have Kill'd, as ſome ſays, at this bout, 20000 *French* and *Bavarian* Fellows, we have taken all their great Guns and Carraiges, their Bag and Baggage, their Money and Victuals, and our People are Killing of 'em ſtill for ought I know. The Farmers Lands in that Country are finely Dung'd with the Carnage of the Slain; they need not put any Soil upon their Ground for ten Years to come. They had a brave Crop of Rogues this Harveſt, and I'll warrant 'em a good Crop of Corn the next.

Obſ. Prithee, Honeſt *Country-man*, let us know the ſad and diſtracted Condition of the *Jacobites* and *High-Flyers* at *London*, on this occaſion.

Country-m. Jacobites and *High-Flyers*, Twelvepence an Hundred, the Market price, I'll aſſure you, and but very few Chapmen.

Theſe Fellows, by the help of *Aſſa-fœtida* from *Southwark*, and *Darby Ale* in *London*, were almoſt recovered of the late blow at *Donawert*, I mean ſuch of 'em as were not Kill'd down-right at that time. The want of the Mails was alſo a great Cordial, and the Fellows had the Aſſurance to

ſay,

say, That the *Pacquet-Boats* might come if they would, but that the News was so bad, that we were asham'd to have it brought over.

The *Jacobite* Coffee-Houses were throng'd at the very Juncture when the News Arrived; the poor Fellows mov'd like meer Engines, and Vanish'd in a hurry, as if a parcel of hand-Granadoes had been flung among 'em; you could not find one *Perkinite* at *Sams*, or *Childs*, they were all retir'd to their *Dens* and *Garrets*, and made such a horrid *Sobbing* and *Groaning*, as if the whole City had been invited to an *Irish* Funeral.

But as these disappeard, the Loyal Honest *Englishmen* repair'd in Crowds to the Loyal Coffee-Houses; Mirth sat on every Countenance, and you might read Satisfaction in every Face. *Bohee-Tea*, *Coffee*, *Chocolate*, *Ratafia*, and *Nants Brandy*, were Insipid Liquors: Away they adjourn'd to the Tavern, every Bumper was Crown'd with the Queens, or the Duke of *Marlborough*'s Health; and the Loyal Citizens emptied the Vintners Cellars so fast, that I believe two thirds of 'em were Fox'd before the Morning, and (God forgive me) I made one of the number. Never were such Illuminations, such Ringing of Bells, and such Demonstrations of Joy since the Laying of *London-Stone*: Some People were Drunk with Joy, before they had Drunk any Liquor; and for my part, I was soon gone, a mixture of Joy and Wine soon made me turn up Keel.

Obs. Such Rejoycing at such a time, on such an occasion, may be more excusable; but another sort of Rejoycing would better become a People, who have received such signal Favours from the hand of Providence; we find by this Victory, that God continues his Mercies, and therefore we ought to continue our Praise and Thankfulness. If we grow Wanton under the Demonstrations of Divine favour, and our Successes prompt us to forget that Almighty Power, who is the Leader of Armies, and who alone giveth Victory and Success; the Tables may be soon turn'd upon us; for is it of our selves that we have done these Mighty Things?

We hence observe the dismal effects of Ambition and desire of Empire, into what a Condition has this Elector of *Bavaria* brought himself, and his People? Himself, if not Kill'd in the Action, is never likely again to enjoy his Country, but must become a *Fugitive* and a *Vagabond* on the Earth; his great Ally will not be able to assist or support him; in a few years he'll be as miserable as himself.

His People are utterly Ruin'd, and labour under the most Pressing Fortune of War, their Houses are not their own, their Wives and Children are turn'd out of Houle and Home, Foreigners seize on their Habitations, reap the Fruits of their Labours, and they are become Servants to Men of a strange Language, whom their Fore-Fathers knew not; and all this for the Wickedness of this Prince. *Si peccet Rex, Punitur Grex.*

And into this Condition would our *Jacks* and *High-Flyers* bring the Natives of *England*, by the Restoration, as *Lesly* says, of their *Perkin*. Let us look Abroad, and see the Miseries of our Neighbours, brought on them by the Artifices of *France*, and then consider of the Necessity of our endeavours to keep such Miseries fro our selves. Being Fore-Warn'd, we ought be Fore-Arm'd, and to Watch those Wolves Sheeps Cloathing, who, under the thin Di guises of *High-Church* and *Loyalty*, would ma the whole Flock of *England* a Prey to the A bitrary Power of *France*.

Country-m. From such Men Good Lord deliv us. *Amen.*

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